

WHY DON'T YOU BECOME

A YEARLY SUBSCRIBER?

WAR



CRY



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WILLIAM BOOTH,
[General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.]

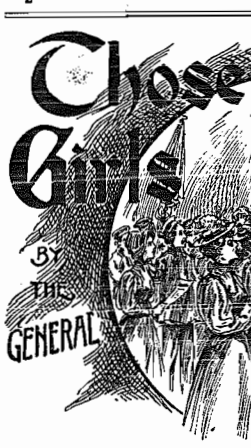
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[Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

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THE COMMISSIONER AT THE FARM. — See Page 3.



"Now, here's my heart, and here's my hand!"

I AM NOT, as is very generally known, great at "hand-shaking," and my shyness of this sign of sociability has brought upon me here and there some unfriendly reflections. But you see there are limits to everything; and I returned from my first visit to Australia with serious forebodings of having been permanently lamed in that very important auxiliary to my life work my right hand, by over-indulgence in this direction.

However, I still allow myself now and then in this supposed sign of advanced civilization, and the other day made a departure from my habit of reserve, of which I should like to speak a little, not moved to do so by a desire for either admiration or imitation, but by the thoughts and feelings which were aroused on the occasion.

I had been holding a series of meetings in a large Continental City. The time of my departure was unknown; still, a party of Officers and friends had gathered on the platform to see a last farewell. Amongst this little crowd of well-wishers

Two Girls were Pointed Out

to me as belonging to the class christened by Society "Unfortunates." I recognized them at a glance. They had attended my public meetings with a group of others. One or two of their companions had been at the Penitential Form, and my female Officers had prayed and pleaded with them all. These two had been so far interested as to find out the time I left the city, and had come down to give me a last look.

They were very young, not yet out of their teens. Perhaps they would not be called good-looking, but neither could they be considered otherwise. They had left at home the fluster with which they were bedazzled the night before, and wore frocks and hats of comparative neatness, and what was more hopeful about them, they had a strange look of sadness and seriousness on their faces.

Poor things!

I Thought of their Mothers,

and wondered about their training and surroundings; and then my mind wandered on to the gloomy future before them, and all at once I remembered then the old question came to my lips, "What can I do for them?" Pain would have carried them away there, and then to some green valley in the beautiful country around, far from the temptations and the tempters with which they would have to fight that very night, and surround them with companions and companionship as favorable to their virtue and happiness and goodness, as their present circumstances were unfavorable to.

What, then, could I do? The train was about to start. I could not speak their language, or I would have given them a few words of counsel, so I did what was possible at the moment. I beckoned to my carriage window, gave them my hand,

Called on God to Bless them,

and urged them to serve Him and do what was right. Then the engine whistled, the train moved off, and the last glimpse of the people on that platform was, in answer to my salutation, waving their handkerchiefs, "those Two Girls."

Now, was it a weakness on my part, or would you dub it a piece of more sentimentality that I should concern

myself with these questionable characters, from whom everyone around them—the Salvationists excepted—kept clear, out of what would be called a very due regard for their reputation? You may think of it as you choose, but I cannot banish them from my mind, although twenty-four hours have passed since the incident occurred.

If I had left them in a frail barque out on the quibbled waves of the ocean, with the darkness gathering round them, and the roar of the angry surf sounding in the distance, with a hundred chances to one that they would be engulfed before a long period had passed, I don't think I could have felt their condition to have been much more sad, or that it would have haunted my memory much more painfully than it did. In that case their position would probably have become known in the city, and, with compassion, many eyes would have watched their perilous passage over the yawning waves, and trembled as their boat passed through the

Tortuous, Treacherous Channels,

amidst the frowning rocks on its way to destruction.

But here were these two souls, yes, and two bodies, too, in danger as real, and two bodies, too, in danger as real, and not one of them assisted by without compassion and without assistance, but for the gratification of lust and the love of mammon are men and women, directly and indirectly, helping to drag them down. If I could have been sure that they had a sister or a friend who would not have regarded their touch as defilement, and who would have watched and waited and struggled to save them, I should have been comforted; but I could not entertain such a hope.

But the greatest horror of all in connection with this incident is the fact that there is no girl in the present multitude which no man can number of the girls circumstanced as painfully as these, and that, as sad as it can be, and this terrible recollection has aroused, and re-aroused, and aroused again my heart, "What can be done for them?"

We Salvationists are doing something. To have over

Twelve Hundred Girls

taken from the darkness and danger and destruction of the streets under the reddest roofs you her mind to mention, and to be annually passing something like three thousand through our Houses, with no special facilities for their redemption, is a situation which is this accommodation amongst so many.

I am compelled to refuse admission to a poor, frail creature, who after, perhaps, months of controversy and despair, has made up her mind to make one desperate effort to save herself, is awful to contemplate. It is only like anything to be one within a range of every poor, erring daughter of Adam everywhere? As I have often said, "I don't know where the next sinner is, but I know where the next sinner is."

Wherever the sinner, man or woman, however dark and dismal their past may have been, stretches out the

hand and asks for deliverance, the means of deliverance should be there.

But cannot we do more to save this class in other ways? I am very glad to know that the systematic visitation of the open markets of vice, where this shameful and shameless traffic is carried on, is being pushed forward. I am glad also to know that the systematic mission to the girls in their homes has been instituted. There must be many hours of sickness when their health will be peculiarly open to the reception of the truth. At such times

The Salvation "Angels"

should be there to pour it in. I wonder what is being done for the most pitiable of all the pitiable beings this side hell itself, the girls in the hospitals when the last stage of disease is reached? Oh, in those cold waters, in those dying agonies, who prays for them who speaks with them, who loves them, there?

Oh, cannot we have more Faith and Prayer for these girls? Oh, you Fathers and Mothers, Brothers and Sisters, who have not to mourn such a terrible loss, let us all join together, and pray that God, in His infinite Mercy, may visit these girls with the love of the truth. And now, last word.

Oh, ye Men and Women of Wealth—

If the women can be found who will give their lives for the deliverance of these children of sorrow, will you not supply them with the means? If the paltry sum of six, will you pay the damage of running down a few of women from the road which surely leads to rotteness in the bones and mouldering in the last stage of disease? Life and Virtue, whose terminus is the Holy City, shall not all that is needed in this world be forthrightly given to a friend, now and then let a lingering thought be cast in the direction of the wretched multitudes represented by

Those Two Girls.

SPREADING SALVATION.

An Interesting Address to Christians.

BY THE LATE MRS. BORTH

Part of an Address at a "Two Days With God" in Exeter Hall, 1888.

I have been thinking while my dear husband has been speaking, how it is that we Christians do not more fully realize their responsibility to extend the Kingdom of Christ, and it occurred to me that one of the main reasons may be that we are so ignorant of the danger of the unsaved about them. I am afraid that many get their brains so confused by the different theories as to be put forth about new hopes, restorations, and I don't know what else, that they come to look upon a large class of their countrymen and the inhabitants of the world generally as after them. They are in the right way as the Bible represents.

They seem to forget that separation from God means death. They do not realize that these masses of people are, according to Jesus Christ's teaching, lost, and that unless some great reformation takes place in their souls, in their moral natures, they must perish; hence Christians grow indifferent and leave them.

I think the first thing necessary for those who are saved and right with God, is to look to God, and to see as Jesus Christ looked at it, look at the multitudes, and contemplate their lostness, and then, and only then, on the high road to hell, and that nothing but the Salvation of God can save them. We Salvationists believe this, and I trust we do in a great measure realize it, hence our efforts to save them.

Look around at the people everywhere! I think of them as away from God, as sunk in sin of one kind or another, and that unless they are saved, they are lost. They are in a state of decay, their need ought not to prove your responsibility, ought not to make you feel that you have an effort to save them which is possible to you in whatever sphere or circle you may be.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We are individually responsible to save them, because we can do it.

Some people are always trying to throw God at the expense of man, throwing all the responsibility upon the salvation of their fellow-men, upon God, and saying, "I am a poor, weak, human agency, I do not fit to do a great deal of good. He makes a very great deal of man in the Bible, from beginning to end, in full of it."

We are responsible because the people can be reached—all classes alike.

If we will be at the trouble to reach them. I think the Salvation Army has done more to reach the masses than any other body.

I say, the fact that the people are reached, is demonstrated beyond all doubt, and that the people are poor and vulgar; you would not find one of them as easily reached. I am not so sure that you would not see the cross necessary in order to reach them.

AN INDIVIDUAL EXAMPLE.

One of my daughters, who went to see a party of our Officers off to India, took me of an affecting scene which took place at a railway station. She said there was a number of ladies—mothers and sisters of officers and other people—who were waiting for their loved ones leaving England for India. My daughter proposed that they should have a little service, and that one of the waiting ladies should read one of the twenty or thirty of our people. These ladies, and the gentlemen, were standing round, and looked on with astonishment. They were perfect. By awe-struck at the idea of having a service in a railway station. The prayer in a railway station, and some others lifted up their voices to God, asking Him to bless and prosper our dear ones, and then, not forgetting those who were around them, they asked a blessing on their departing friends. The ladies who were meeting them off. When they rose from their knees, many of these ladies, and the gentlemen, shook hands with our people and thanked them for remembering them in their prayers.

I thought, if there were a few women sufficiently imbued with the spirit of conversion, they would concern for the souls of their own class, and would go and do things equally out of season, and who would make the sacrifice of their own lives for the souls of others who were meeting them off. What you might not be done?

WHAT YOU MIGHT DO;

One of our Officers the other day was showing me what can be done amongst the very poor and wretched. They were visiting in the slums, and heard, at a certain door, blows and screams, and then they gained access to a wretched room, where a drunken mother had been beating her little child of seven years of age with the tongue.

The poor child had crept under the bed for protection, and when they removed the one dirty garment she was wearing, the child showed that she was a little creature; but she fainted with the agony. She was a cripple to begin with, no doubt owing to this mother's brutality at some former time.

Drunk and brutal as this mother was, our Officers sobered her to some extent by their conversation, and produced some impression upon her, rescuing the child, at any rate for the time being. The mother, however, did not know what there is in such work that would be impossible or unbecomely for her to do. She was a mother with the Spirit of Christ? If you are not clever enough to go to the educated people, and to the people who are educated, you can go to the rich, for they equally need it—there are many who are in a state of poverty behind curtains of velvet and gold.

It needs the utmost effort of every saint that lives, to save the souls of the unsaved. It is the duty of every one who has the Salvation of Christ, is responsible for pressing it upon the attention of everybody with whom they come into contact.

There is a little circle round about you, who will not allow direct testimony as to their sinfulness and danger, and the necessity of salvation, to be made to any of the masses of the minister has done for years gone by.

RESULTS.

Just for a moment think of the results if you do this work! Look at the Salvation Army! Look at that organization, that has done so much for the poor, and that has saved so many of my daughters' wedding, and said, "Oh, never be married, I will not have you are doing. It is not only the direct results, but you don't know how you are stirring up all the direct results, leaving the indirect results to be dealt with by the Holy Spirit, and then just think of the saved men and women permeating all the countries of the earth, and going everywhere to spread the Gospel, and saving the people here about it.

This Salvation Army is the outcome of the direct results, and the outcome of the efforts of the men and women who have come from the traditions of the elders and set themselves to do this work.

That is the one business of a Salvationist, wherever you find him, to save men and women from sin, and to save them from the Master's business. Even when he has to do his own business to live, the Master's business is the utmost of his heart.

A Salvationist is always seeking to spread Salvation, and that is the only way to spread it. If you want it to spread, you must work to spread it. The Lord help you. Amen.

THE GREAT FARM.

What It Is.
What is It For?
What has been Accomplished?

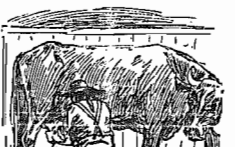
By the Editor.

About six miles from Toronto is one of the most hopeful and potential undertakings the Army has in this Province, viz., the Farm Colony. Two hundred acres of typical Ontario farm land have been acquired, new buildings erected, and old ones remodelled; the land cropped, the farm stocked, and such a transformation effected that it now has a modern farm, which, without exception, has received the highest testimony from all who have seen it, amongst them being a number of Toronto's leading citizens, and a couple of experts from the Canadian Government Experimental Farm at Guelph, Ontario.



Agricultural operations were commenced as recently as last fall. At that time, the place was a neglected estate, and sorely in need of cultivation, so that it will be seen the Farm authorities have made no great deal of time. To-day the Farm is divided into the following departments: Agricultural, Market-Garden, Dairy, and Poultry, and has reached a good state of development in each.

For the success of all these varied industries, our Commander is responsible. It was our late Leader, the Commandant, who purchased the Farm, and from him it received its great deal of very close attention. He planned and schemed for it, and worked on it with his own hands with the greatest delight, and it was under his guiding hand that it advanced up to its present up-to-date position. Our present Commander, Miss Eva Smith, also exhibits a very keen interest in the progress of Farm affairs, and bids fair to become a practical farmer; certainly she has every opportunity to become proficient in that accomplishment.



That the Farm, which is one of the most hopeful and potential undertakings the Army has in this Province, will become increasingly valuable each year, we fully anticipate, viewing it as a commercial undertaking, independent of its moral aspect; this, no one can gainsay. Ensign Dodd, the Governor, was from his boyhood a farmer, he is a genial man, and will welcome any of our farming friends and agricultural experts who may wish to make a visit of inspection to this new and thriving Army effort.

What is It For?

"But what is it all for?" asks someone. "The Army is not a business undertaking, running merely for dollars and cents; this, no one can gainsay, but a minor consideration, although necessary, since the Army is an institution which, spending all it gets, is able to board nothing, has to make, as far as ever it is possible so to do, every branch of the work pay its own way and support itself. The "wherefore" of this venture exists, because of the present condition into which our modern civilization has suffered a large proportion of its citizens to degenerate, forming a need which the State no longer meets; this, no one can gainsay, and the organization can consistently ignore it. It has been forced on our General and his Officers, even to compelling the Army, which, while it is from God, is distinctly of and for the people, and in

accordance with the character of Him whom it preaches, and the family life upon which it is constituted, we will do what we can to save the souls and bodies of those people, and, in the process, these degrees of civilization, our brothers and sisters.

We have no space for theorizing, but in doing what we can for the poor, there has been formed, necessarily, first, an immediate relief for the hungry, homeless men; secondly, a training school in which that hungry man can be placed, and where, as a living, rational being—one of our own brotherhood—he can be dealt with and developed on every side of his character, induced to become a son of God, a good citizen, and a capable workman of the State. The man's most pressing need is dealt with, and he is brought into such a set of circumstances that he can become a completely remodelled man, and a member of the Social Army, and this is the one great reason why the Salvation Army Social Farm exists to-day.

Farming has been chosen because, as is potent to everyone, that is the way to help the poor men into which will benefit the country and injure no other already existing industry.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED?

The Farm began to receive men about six months ago. To talk about accomplishments, therefore, when the character of the work to be done is considered, would appear very foolish, yet we have already a blessed report to give.

There have been in all thirty-five men admitted to the Farm, twenty-three of whom have been satisfactory cases, which means that the men are now enjoying the privileges of the institution, with a fair prospect of becoming proficient in the work they are engaged in; they have left to go to situations, or have a good prospect of a situation. The remaining twelve have been men who have not been so appreciative of the system, which may have seemed sometimes a trifle tight to them, and have been sent back to the street, but even these can start again if they choose. (As the whole, however, the men appreciate their privileges. Said one in effect, recently, who was permanently helped and uplifted, and who was advised to become a remunerative employé outside, on account of the wife and children dependant upon him: "No! I am surrounded with good influences here, and here I'll stay, even though I am the poorer for so doing.")

Eleven of the men have been soundly converted, and are full of rejoicing in the liberty and blessedness of the new life in Christ. Said one who made me the envy of the happiest men in the universe: "Spiritually, the Farm is already an abundant success, and the prospect and future are very encouraging. Had we the third part of the General's scheme in operation, suitable land and the money and machinery to give them a good start on their own land, we would have the Social Scheme, as planned by the General, in perfect operation; as it is, we have every reason to be encouraged and no forward. God bless the Social Farm!"

"FEEDING GOD'S FLOCK."

THE LIFEBOAT CAPE, CORNER VICTORIA STREET AND WILTON AVENUE.

"Officers working on Headquarters who cannot go home to their dinner, should come over and try our tea-lunch, which is free for two dollars," quoth Captain Fletcher.

Ensign Shen says it is the best tea-lunch in the City. "He is a good judge," said I.

Ensign Attwell says we give too much for the money.

Major Captain Rawling says: "Reckon on me for dinner every day."

Major Gaskin says: "We also, when in town."

Captain Turpin says: "I always get all I want."

Captain Captain Harrgrave says: "Everything is first-rate."

Captain Fletcher invites all Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors to give him a trial, and thus help to push the Lifeboat along during these summer months.

A DANDY BAND.

GRAVENHURST. — Provincial Staff Band with us Sunday. Beautiful time; large crowds, three backwaters. The Band is the very best that has ever been stationed at since I have been an Officer. You cannot recommend them too highly! — H. G. Crawford, Captain.

An Editor's Experience OF HOLINESS.

Major Mildred Duff, of "All the World."

I STRUGGLED AND WRESTLED TO WIN IT.

When I see people get up and testify to a clean heart who seem to have received it quite easily, I often wonder why it is, that it is given to some directly, and to others only after long struggles and wars.

Our struggles, our efforts, our new starts and fresh attempts would fill up whole volumes if they were written down. I know mine would! I read books and went to holiness meetings, and yet I was as far from a holy life as I could well be. I knew I was, I felt it, and I was consequently miserable. Other people might say I was as good as I needed to be. I hated and despised myself, and felt almost like saying to God, "Is this the best You can do with a soul that desires only Thee?" For I had reached that point now. I was willing to let everything else go, and follow after Thee, and I would have saved me from myself and sin.

LO, A NEW CREATION DAWNING.

It was Good Friday, and I was very ill. I had been ill for some time already, and I had been in my room. I looked at Calvary. I thought of my life, and oh! how I longed for

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine."

I thought about opening the wounds of Christ afresh by my inconsistencies and selfishness. I thought of having only one life to live, and then to return for His blessed sacrifice. I had, in short, a "Day at the Cross," alone with Jesus.

All the night before Easter Sunday I could not sleep. I lay awake and thought, and prayed, and wondered why God did not give me the sort of heart I wanted, now I had laid "all on the altar"; one life to live, and then to return, and at last, by degrees, very slowly, the things in the room began to show gray against the wall, and the birds began to twitter on the roof—only little London sparrows were there, but they had soft, gentle little voices, and then I thought, "It is dawn now — Easter morning — the first day of the new year." Somehow, those dark wooden steps leading into the waves under Margate pier came into my mind, and the Marchale's voice singing,

"Lo! a new creation dawning.

Lo! I rise to life divine.

In my soul an Easter morning.

I am Christ's, and Christ is mine."

and then the chorus—such a lovely chorus—

"Jesus, Jesus, blessed Jesus,

Thou shalt all in us dwell.

Jesus, Jesus, blessed Jesus,

All I have I give to Thee."

I had not been to an Army meeting for a long time, nor thought much about the Army either. I loved it, in a way, but felt it after all suited the poor people better than the educated, and so it was not as an Army song that I was singing it in my mind, but as my own heart's feelings.

They were true to me that Easter morning, and I felt a great peace and answered my prayers at last. It was not only Easter in all the world outside, but also

"In my soul an Easter morning."

If Christ has never revealed Himself to you suddenly, as your Saviour from sin, you will not understand me. If He has done so, you will know quite

well what I mean. I knew it was all right now. I had only to look up, right up to the face of my Father, my risen Saviour, and thank Him because He had heard and answered me.

WHOM SHALL I SEND, AND WHO WILL GO FOR US?

That was several Easters ago; the spring after, I came into the Army. It was not hard to come. It was the only thing I felt I could do. I had been at home feeling strong, and doing what I could for Him for nearly a year, and God had shown me that He could keep me, even at home, and that He could use me in bringing others to Him; and He did so; and then when He opened the door a very little, and said, "Come in," it was easy to say "Yes, Lord," and obey.

I remember the first time I put on my bonnet. I thanked God for it then—said a kind of grace over it—and I have gone on doing so ever since. I thank God for letting me come into the Army; I thank Him still more for letting me stay in the Army.

You are not strong enough to stand it three months, I say so, but up to now I have always had as much strength as I needed, and I believe it will be so for the rest of my life. I do not want a great deal in advance. God has let my soul grow and get stronger in Him. When one's life gets simpler, one's soul has more chance to develop, I think.

Only wish that I had let God have my "Wish" with me long before. Oh, what tears, and sorrows and struggles I should have been saved, and how much more useful I might have been!

But by His grace I shall be "God's work" and "God's will." I have, and then through eternity!



GONE WHERE THE ANGELS DWELL.

Lieutenant Annie Pifer no Longer Stands at the Battle of France, nor Watches the Streets Below.

She has laid down her weapons of warfare and has taken up her crown, and instead of her well-worn uniform, blue, she wears the white robe. She was a loyal and devoted Officer, faithful at all times, and ready to carry her cross as long as she was able to carry it.

She had the joy of visiting her with Adlai W. Wiseman, and the Officers of the Morrisburg Corps, five days before she passed away; her faith was unshaken, and she was still strong. She knew her time was drawing to a close, she had no regrets to make for the past, and she was ready to go. She was enabled to live by the grace of God. We shall miss her in our ranks here, but she has gone to a better home, and that has gone before, to sing our great Redeemer's praise, free from fear and all disease.

She entered the Ottawa Training Garrison, November 23, 1893, and has had ten appointments, though unable for the past twelve months to take her part at the front, she rested, hoping that a good rest would do her good; and she was able to do so. She did it work. She passed away on Sunday, July 12th, at 4 p.m., happy in the belief that she had done her duty, and friends in this hour of sorrow! — Major J. D. Sharp, Provincial Secretary.

THE FUNERAL.

Her last wish was to have her uniform, with all her decorations, and her rank, which was done. Ensign Tilley, from Cornwall, led the service, which was very impressive. The service was paid with to come to the Saviour our comrade served so faithfully, but none would yield.

Our comrade has left us to join that happy company, who are suffering with Jesus.

Around the White Throne. Then weep not for Anna.

Thus was just cause. But be ready to meet her On Canaan's bright shore.

AMY NORMAN, Captain.

CASSELTON, N. D.—Since we opened up here there have been nineteen men converted. The people are very kind and seem to respect the Army. This town is small, but it has a great deal of work which needs to be done in it. Crowds are improving, collections are being made, and going ahead.—Captain Petch, and Lieutenants Price and Glover.

AN ARMY LIFE STORY.

Billy McLeod, Ex-Champion Light Weight of England.

AN ARMY LIFE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Why 'tis Written.

"Not hallooahing now and then, but hallooahing reglar—that's it, me dear. When that big sinner, Billy McLeod was caught, hauled from sin's black, surging sea, and flung on Salvation's shore, it was most truly a 'real gran catch'."

It is now close on fourteen years ago. "Christ ter 'bide, ter stop in yer."

"God's work at the penitentiary Billy will never forget; God's power in Billy, since that memorable night, hundreds, nay, thousands of his fellow-mortals will remember for aye."

On this ground—the continuance of grace begun in that desperate heart in the year '82, and enjoyed with lax-predilect delight that poverty-pinches and pains have never been able to crush—we present such a character as William McLeod to our War Cry readers.

When his mother nursing him, lifted his hand to her mouth, and with an upward motion of her lips, uncurled the little fingers that she might kiss the pinky palms, she wot not anything of their deadly future craft. No! No!

"Tid em, tid em, den," said she, in upspring tones, referring to herself, as the bairn, with a disapproving grunt, wriggled his fat away. Who's den, little 'tude? Billy, den, now, den; they shan't do it!"

This lullaby scene introduces us, in 1855, to a small town in Manchester, the home of the McLeods.

William and Elizabeth McLeod were Scotch people, and their home amongst the Scots in the early years of their married life. Two girls were born in the Land of Heather, but their first son, William, was Manchester-born. He was always addressed as "Billy" by his mother, and yet nevertheless significant testimony to their authority as parents, and to their nationality as well.

It was his street playmates who "called" the little lad, "Billy." Had he lived further South his name would have had its tail cupped, and the polite "Willie" have been his call-note. In this there is a marked difference between the strict upbringing of North-Country towns, and London.

And so the name of "Billy McLeod," as known on postal communications, with its quaint roughness that mocks a polished tongue, has stuck to our comrade, and most likely will do so. Anyway, it matches the man down here.

CHAPTER II.

A Soven-Year-Old Scavenger.

Probably life, to a sturdy, precocious lad of seven summers, with ambitious desires to get money, and a chance at that age to earn some, me? not present itself as laudable, it certainly appears so to us, but, maybe, we waste our pity, for had the youngster his choice he would, likely enough, prefer to go to work, if for nothing else than to realize his dream of being a man.

To possess trousers with pockets, perhaps a waistcoat with like receptacles, and, moreover, to get something to put in them, if the possession only lasted the short time of leaving factory to landing at home, was unquestionably a mark of great advance and a comforting assurance to the boyish mind of being someone.

There was great need for son William to go early to work. The father, a laborer, was "a tremendous hard-working man—couldn't stop from his work for owt," neither did he stop a night away from the pub, and spent all day Sunday there as well. Strange it seems that he could do the two, but it appears he did. Perhaps he was not such a hard drinker. If he had any of the droolery of his lad, there is no doubt he was a great favorite in the parlor, and the apple of his mother's eye, and a great attraction to some people.

So the mother called up, and got off in his half-day's work, her little William, and the boy trotted off, preferring that part of the day to the afternoon at school.

"Billy" shall answer the question you are about to ask as to his work. "Why, I did scavenger's int' cotton mill—int' spinning-room, yer know. Hi, that's it" (with a nod)—"aweeepin' up t' bins."

Thirty pence was added a week to his mother's house-keeping purse as the result.

At this early age, and even long be-

fore, for "I growed in me bones," the "thumping" propensity flourished.

"I thovt nowt at all about thumping anyone, lads or ladies; I alius up with me fist and gave 'em one when they didn't just suit me in what they said or did. Why I've thumped Mary Ann mony a time when we were little 'uns together."

Mrs. Ann was not his sister—she was his sweetheart—but he were rather anticipating our story. It will easily be guessed that frequent scenes took place at school and in the streets, when young Billy richly deserved "the good clouting," he seldom or never got on very long without some narrow escape from death.

"When I was nine years old, I fell into a 'pit' (pond), and if a man hadn't heard me scream, and come and pulled me out, I should er been drowned. It was a frightener, was that, and I knew just how wicked I was, yer know; it all come up afore me."

CHAPTER III.

The Champion.

"Betsy!"

A shuffling step, and McLeod entered the home late one night. He belov'd out his wife's name, thereby demanding instant attention.

Son William heard the call upstairs, and slipped out of bed to hear what he could. He half-divined it was something concerning himself, and, though the remarks turned out to be exceedingly flattering, he dared not let his parents know he was listening. The youth steadily crept back again, tremendously elated with his father's degrading order to his mother.

"Betsy!"

"Ow, William's goin' to be a champion fighter!" Her and fightin' he is a field, and all t' men tells me he's a good-un. So thoum mon give him plenty meat—red meat—very day. Dost hear?"

Mrs. McLeod heard, of course.

She poor mother, she liked none t' it at all. These carryin's on weren't to her mind, but she was forced to do what me farther said.

Food, companionship—everything helped to brutalize Billy. His mother's kindly heart, and often fearful face, "She was good, she was good," penetrated not the animalism which seemed to envelop him, soul and body. As the strong words of the sixteen-year-old pushed and defied blows and bruises, so his mind hardened to the most horrible sights, and found it anything to him to watch two lad-combatants fiercely "scuttie" each other till one fell dead? No! Not a quiver of feeling. The pity, if any, went out to the lad-murderer, who got fifteen months.

Billy had become notorious in the devil's circles. Far and near he was known. It is not surprising, therefore, that he found himself one day in prison.

"I'll just tell yer how it was. Me and Mary Ann and a few more were going t' Anchor's Court concert—near t' night, and as we was going along, I seed a row up a alley, and went to see what it was about. Two drunken wimmin was fightin'. They had got another one locked in 'er ouse. Then the 'usbend come, and he

got a table-leg and clean opened one o' t' wimmin's heads. I went off t' fetch a doctor, and when I come back one o' t' wimmin said, 'That's 'im that's done it, and the plice, knowin' wot I was, took me straight away. I was in there week. Me poor mother came three times t' see me. At last, 'rite man confessed, and I was let out."

(To be Continued.)

FIVE DAKOTA WARRIORS.

"Ride"—Delightful Farewell on Record—

Measured by the Indian-Jobber's

Juniors.

No. 1 is Captain Kemp, who came out from Seaford Corps some years ago. He is well-known at Quebec as having been stationed at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Calgary, Selkirk, Grand Forks; opened Graton,

North Dakota, (where a great soul-saving work went on), and is now stationed at Mandan, N. D. on the west side of the Missouri River.

No. 2 is Lieutenant Baxter. Born in India, but was born again at Fort Arthur, Ont.; went through Winchester Training Garrison, then to Portage la Prairie, and is now Captain Kemp's right-hand man. (Woman, you mean.) Though very meek, her life has hard. No. 3, Lieutenant Parkinson, was raised on the prairie; came to the Light in the Salvation Army at Portage la Prairie four and a-half years ago; bloomed into a Sergeant, then a bandman, and received his Salvation Army College education in the Grand Forks Training Garrison under Professor Adjutant Gale. From the College he was sent with Ensign Smith to open Valley City, and next helped Captain Hewitt open Bismarck, where he is now stationed.

No. 4 is Captain Hewitt, who has been saved nearly eleven years, and has been nine years an Officer. He has been stationed in eighteen cities and towns, and is a well-known individual around West Ontario, especially at a hard spot of the road, where he came from Forest by telegram, the messenger boy handing him the telegram on the march that instructed him to farewell that night, which he did. He has been in the West four years, and is now stationed at Bismarck, the Capital of North Dakota, situated on the east side of the Missouri River. On the opposite side of the river is old Fort Lincoln, from which the brave General Custer marched to his last fight, being massacred by the Indians. Only one of his scouts escaped alive on horse-back to tell the tale.

No. 5 is Captain Johnny Haskirk, who was converted while a Junior at Seaford, Ont. He was born in the Army, and has lived in it ever since. He came to Winnipeg Corps some years ago; was a bandman, and for a time filled the position of Bandmaster. He went in the field about a year ago, and assisted at the opening of Portage; then he was Captain at Grand Forks Garrison with Adjutant Gale, and from there he has been appointed the Junior Soldiers' Assistant for the North-West Province, and is now in his element with the Juniors, who love him at first sight. He is the proper man for the raising of the coming Army.—Captain W. Hewitt.

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

"Well, that wife of mine has been in jail, the Hospital, Home for incurables, and all sorts of places every day this week!" quoth Major Read the other night on his way home. See Mrs. Major Read's write-up on "A Day and a Week with the League of Mercy," to appear shortly.



ONE OF BRIGADIER MARGETTS' RECENT MUSICAL BRIGADES.



Captain M. Braggins.
Brigadier Margetts.
Captain Dowell.

Captain Rowe.
Mr. Adjutant Dowell.
Misses Dowell.

Sergeant Wilfred Cragg.
Adjutant Dowell.
Captain L. Braggins.

Read Some of Their Anecdotes, Etc., in This Issue.

AN AWFUL ENDING.

How a Christ-Rejector Died.

FRED D— was the son of a good, Godly woman. Often he sat in our meetings, and as the story of the cross was told, he laughed and scoffed. Very often his mother went to Salvation Army meetings with his curses ringing in his ears; when spoken to about his soul, he would say, "I'm the healthiest and strongest young man in the neighborhood; no fear of my dying."

One day, at a barn-raising, while lifting a heavy piece of timber, he fell and was hurt inwardly. He was carried home, and a doctor sent for, who said he could not live over an hour. When the doctor told his parents he could not live, the poor mother, with tears streaming down her face, said to her husband, "Go and tell Fred what the doctor says." Mr. D— went into the bedroom, and going up to the bed, said, "My dear boy, you have not an hour to live." Fred partly raised himself up in bed, and said:

"FATHER, I WON'T DIE!"

"I have always been strong and well," His mother came into the room, and he said, "Mother, I can't die. I'm too wicked! I have cursed you ever since you joined the Army, and I've cursed the Officers! I cannot meet God," and then, defiantly, he said again, "I won't die! I won't die! I can't meet God! I won't meet Him!" and while uttering those words he died, and went to meet the God that he had rejected.

This is a true account of the death of a Christ-rejector. Dear unsaved friend, be careful how you put off your soul's salvation.—Mrs. Captain Rowe.

TEETH OR DEATH I'LL HAVE SALVATION

A Tobacco Anecdote.

By BRIGADIER MARGETTS, London, Ont.

In one of my meetings some time ago, an old gent, with silvery hair and feeble limbs, knelt, or rather prostrated himself at the penitent-form. He was a poor, broken-hearted backslider, having formerly served God for three years outside the ranks of the Salvation Army, and following this had been a soldier of good standing for three years. He used to be a solid slave to tobacco, which, alas, led him into many other sins of vice and lust. Now, he was truly of "a broken and contrite heart," for a life of purity, peace and power through Jesus' blood had been portrayed before him; and he struggled long and earnestly with many groans and tears. I put my hand on his shoulder, and, kneeling by his side, said: "Father, what is in the way?" "Can I help you?" He hesitated for a moment, then, bringing down his clenched right fist, with a Blood and Fire thump on the form, he exclaimed, "The doctor told me if I didn't use tobacco I would lose all my teeth, and would not live long, and I can't keep saved and use it." "Which is the most valuable, dad?" I asked, "your soul's salvation, or your teeth and tobacco?" "I am going to have a full Salvation! If I do lose my teeth and my life," replied the dear old soul. Of course he got saved, and so will you when you remove or renounce the hindrance.

IT WAS GOOD FOR HIS EYES.

BROTHER McFARLANE, a tailor, who was saved at the drum-head some nine months ago, in one of the streets of Toronto, says that at the time he got converted he could scarcely see to thread a crew-bar, but he can thread his needle all right now.

A Marvellous Conversion

— AT THE —

LONDON, ONT., S. A. HOTEL.

A PROFESSIONAL "MAN OF THE ROAD" SAVED DURING THE COMMISSIONER'S VISIT — IN MANY JAILS IN MANY PLACES — INTERESTING SOCIAL STATISTICS—21 EX-PRISONERS RECEIVED FROM JAIL.

A very good case of conversion took place during the visit of the Commissioner. A young man followed "train-boating" for years, and has travelled Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to Mexico, and never knew what it was in all his travels to pay railroad fare. He has ridden everywhere on a train that any other "hobo" ever did, and knows every "alop" (cheap lodging-house) from one end of Canada to the other end of the United States; has slept in nearly every little look-up-in all, what he terms "Jerker-water towns," through Canada. He has been many times sentenced to terms of imprisonment for vagrancy, has travelled with such notorious racketeers as "TORONTO PADDE" and "EDINBURGH JACK."

(who was killed in Eastern Ontario last winter) and many other prominent "men of the profession." He is known to the travelling fraternity as "English Harry." This young man came into contact with our Social operators a year or more ago, and for a time settled down to work, but took the road again, till some months ago he came to the London Shelter, and was again given employment. He is at present cooking at the Salvation Army Hotel. He came out in Miss Eva's Sunday night meetings, being the first of

the fifteen who sought mercy that night in the Grand Opera House. His life since that time proves to all who know him that he is a soundly converted man. We are hoping that Harry may yet be a useful Social Officer. He is coming on well as a recruit, and his old associates are glad to see the change.

Hot Weather Statistics.

Things on the whole are progressing as favorably as can be expected during the hot season. On an average we are supplying about fifteen beds per night, which is not so bad considering the size of the Shelter, also the size of the City. Our lunch counter trade is good, and is attended by an old friend, the "Colonel," late of the Toronto Lifeboat. The past week has been the poorest since my four weeks' stay. During the quarter ending June, we supplied 1,923 beds and 4,361 meals, and the previous quarter we supplied 2,708 beds and 5,222 meals. During the first year there were 26,779 meals and 10,472 beds supplied, 43 meetings held, and 21 ex-prisoners received from jail, and 1741 men supplied with employment.—Captain H. W. Collier, Officer in Charge.

HANDING DOWN CRIME.

FRAU ADA JURKE was born in 1740, in Germany, and was a drunkard, a thief, and a tramp, for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1880. Her descendants have numbered 834, of whom 709 have been traced in local records from youth to death by Professor Pellman. Of the 709, he found 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 125 beggars, and 84 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 led disreputable lives. There were in this family 75 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder. In seventy-five years this one family rolled up a big bill of costs in almshouse, trial courts, prisons and correctional institutions, amounting to about \$1,520,000.

Brother Gledhill stands for both law and Gospel Huntville way.



THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and the glorification of the saved, together with the progress of the Salvation Army in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

How stands it between God and your soul now?

A Christian man is never long at ease.

"When your garments are white," says Jesus, "the world will call you Mine."

This is War Cry Boom Week.

The War Cry has often been the means of blessing you, therefore you are responsible for increasing its circulation.

The outlined programme of the "Prodigal Son Up-to-Date" Meeting, on another page, will be of good service to you as preparation for the special meeting for the restoration of backsliders.

The Commissioner at Grand Forks and Fargo, N.D.

From Major Bennett's report of the Commissioner's visit to the above cities we learn of still more blessed and God-ward battles fought by our beloved Leader. The Westerners have received her with open arms and hearts, and in a manner truly characteristic of this great pushing, wide-awake, up-to-date country.

Notwithstanding the exhaustive journey from Toronto via Chicago and St. Paul, to North Dakota, the oppressive heat, a counter attraction of a circus, etc., the people thronged to her meetings.

Major Friedrie's telegram from Spokane gives an inkling of the grand times at Butte and Helena, when 2,000 people crowded into a tent at the latter place to do honor to this woman of God.

Comrades, you will still bear our Leader up to the Throne of God in the strong arms of prayer and faith. The long and tedious journey, alone, is sufficient to exhaust the strength of any ordinary person. Without taking into account the large receptions and meetings, the interviewing, correspondence, etc., as well as the responsibility of commanding the Territory. We shall yet record greater victories and triumphs for God and His Army as she continues her journey Westward.

Our General.

The General, our grand and good Leader, still makes his soul-saving record. At a great meeting in Copenhagen, in the King's gardens, 12,000 people listened to his words. Our General, and 116 souls sought God during the day. In a Swedish town, a Corps of deaf and dumb people took an active part in the General's meetings, and at almost every meeting there were one or two deaf and dumb penitents at the Mercy Seat.

More War.

East Ontario Comrades can prepare their ammunition for a special battle. The Commissioner is shortly to visit several Corps of the East Ontario Province.

The Training Homes are shortly to be opened in Toronto, where all the Cadets from Ontario will be trained.

The Commissioner also intends holding some more Camp Meetings, as well as a special week-end meeting in Toronto. Everybody sharpen up your weapons and prepare for desperate battles which will precede the day when you say out West, "A Rustler."

Two Barracks Burned.

Major McMillan, the new Provincial Officer for Newfoundland, has arrived from St. John's. He reports the loss by fire of two of our Barracks at Veller's Island and Botwoodville. A large number of our soldiers were burned out, which will prevent them from assisting very much with the finances for the erection of new Barracks. The Major was glad to hear of contributions from some of his Canadian-Newfoundland Comrades towards these Barracks' funds. May God bless our Comrades in their difficulty!

ENSIGN AND MRS. SAVAGE, in charge of London, Ont. Corps.

A Warrior Promoted.

Lieutenant Pifer has just been promoted to Glory from her home at Morrisburg, where she had just been on furlough for some time. The bereaved relatives and friends have our deepest sympathy in this day of sadness.

Our Fighting Britishers.

Commissioner Coombs, the British Commissioner, continues his mighty soul-winning tours. 300 souls were won for Jesus during his recent visit to Middleborough and Stockton.

A Noted Woman Dead.

By the death of Harriet Beecher Stowe, we have lost a woman whose name will be handed down to posterity as one of the benefactors of the race; in this particular, the colored race. Though Granville Sharp and many others did much to create a conscience on the question of slavery, it remained for this lady, with her woman's heart and ready pen, to indite "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into such a beacon fire blazing on the hill-top, let in such a flood of light on the errors of the legalized human traffic as stirred the whole of the civilized world. It bruised the serpent's head, and Lincoln's famous emancipation proclamation rang out its death-knell as a direct result of her effort. Mrs. Stowe is now dead; Lincoln is dead; Uncle Tom is dead, and the majority of the slaves who took part in the Emancipation are dead. Let us hope that their descendants, in addition to being legally free, may also rejoice in being free in Christ Jesus.

Around Headquarters.

COLONEL JACOBS and Staff-Captain Hargrave were at Bowmanville for last Sunday's meetings.

ENSIGN PUOH is supplying Richmond Street Corps, while Adjutant Byers has a short furlough.

CADET JAMIESON, of the Comptroller of Finance's Office has been promoted Lieutenant.

Captain Welch, of the Commissioner's Office, is now Ensign.

THE EDITOR is having a few days' well-earned rest at Huntsville.

Paul Travers, a Temple Soldier, and Mr. Dink, former of the Social Farm, leave this week for Australia.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HORN, Trade Secretary, is carrying on at Palmerston, and Ensign Baldwin, of the Children's Shelter, at London, Ont.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN HARGRAVE has been having some good meetings in the city with the "Child of Jesus" Song Service. Many people went to come their way shortly.

CADET WHITE, of the Winnipeg Junior Soldiers' man, has arrived in Toronto for training for officership.

CANDIDATES may expect a homeshell to come their way shortly.

MAJOR READ is preparing the Harvest Festival hand-book.

ADJUTANT and MRS. McLEAN, of the Temple Commen, are refreshing over their new boy Cadet.

DOT and JAI spealled at the Temple Corps on Sunday.

AN AUSTRALIAN Leslie Lieutenant, in travelling her Corps, spent days in an "escort" coach, between two mountain policemen, with a box of gold for her footstool.



A FEW lines to hand from Major Bennett says he is immensely pleased with the Commissioner's visit to Fargo and Grand Forks. The weather was too hot to expect crowds, but they came all the same.

A FEW District Officers are changing, principally those in the North-West. This may affect a few of the Ontario Staff, yet just at present many eyes are turned Westward.

THE QUESTION of the hour this week in the WAR CRY ROOM. I am certain, as sure as I am alive, that if the instructions of the Hand-Book are carried out to the letter and in the spirit as well, not only can 10,000 extra be sold this week, but 20,000.

THE carrying out of the instructions means that tens of thousands of people will be faced with a War Cry, and not only asked to buy, but almost being compelled to buy. "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

NUT simply walking book-stalls, from whom people can buy if they so desire, and if they please to do so, but there must be a tackling of them in such a way that you will refuse to take "no" for an answer.

CAN it be done? Of course it can. A Temple Soldier tackled the Chief Secretary the other day and would not let him pass until he had bought two.

IT is the principle underlying it all that we want everybody to see. The days of letting the Kingdom of God simply go on it will, and stop if it sees, is of no use. What is wanted is force, push, drive, energy, pluck and zeal in every department of the War.

WE are all so sorry to hear that Ensign Margrets has been sick and unable to fill his appointments. May Heaven's blessing rest upon them!

MAJOR GASKIN has gone into his new duties very nicely. He is getting to be quite a farmer; seems very much impressed with many things; believes in the future of Canada; has attended a few Board of Expenditure meetings, and is very much impressed with the fact that Headquarters is very poor, and rather wonders how we all manage to keep so great, in good tempered, and happy with it all.

USE becomes second nature, and possibly next to the fact that Headquarters Staff have the experience that they are kept by the power of God, the fact that they may be called the "being used to it." Anyway, poverty is no crime.

AUSTRALIA has a War Cry Boomer over 51 years of age.

The Commissioner Butte, Helena and Spokane.

2,000 PEOPLE IN A TENT—37 SOULS AT THE MEET SEAT.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

Commissioner received enthusiastic reception at Butte. Great crowds turned out to hear her. Strong men wept, and sinners saved; lasting impression made. Helena, officers' council inspiring; soldiers met Commissioner on train, singing "There's a welcome home." Special tent erected. Two thousand people listen to Commissioner. The audience of this meeting will never die. Spokane, very hot. The Commissioner led three powerful meetings on Sunday in a tent-theatre with wonderful success, in spite of physical weakness. Twenty-seven souls at the mercy seat. Great shout in the camp. Splendid crowd in the First Methodist Church Monday night. Pray for Commissioner's strength. Full reports mailed.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

JOTTINGS

By the General Secretary.

HAMILTON FOOD AND SHELTER TO BE OPENED—A NEW JOURNAL OF SOLDIERS' MANUAL—BAND OF LOVE TO BE STARTED.

"Why, certainly! How could it be otherwise? A thorough Christian at home anywhere, and we have found a warm-hearted lot of comrades too! full of fire and zeal, ready and willing to go anywhere."

The Chief Secretary has recently had an afternoon's half-holiday, not before he spent the time in the office as follows: Left the office at 1.30, wheeled out to the Social Farm, went over the place, explained the whole business to the General Secretary, and then, at 8 o'clock, conducted the Farm meeting, which was very enjoyable.

The meeting was high-grade all through; the General Secretary was a happy mood; Mrs. Jacobs gave some sound advice; Mrs. Gaskin testified and sang. Adjutant Burdette led some red-hot testimonies. Adjutant Byers ran in and testified, and the General had a rattling success. He testified monies of the saved Colonists were most inspiring, especially when Charles Gaskin led.

Ensign Dodd, speaking of the Officers who assist him on the Farm, says that he wonders how such a Godly, industrious lot of men ever got together in one place. That's a good testimony. Thank God for such men! Say adieu!

The Hamilton Food and Shelter Depot is to be opened in the Fall, and we predict that this will be a great experience to the city. An Officer of experience is being selected to take charge.

The New Junior Soldier Sergeants' Company Manual is now in course of preparation. The General says this is to be greatly in advance of the previous ones. More space is to be devoted to education, and less to the proposed to have it bound in linen covers.

There will be a continuance of the Notes in the War Cry and Young Soldier's work. The General says that the Sergeants in dealing thoroughly with the lesson.

Every Comrade must take the children's work seriously to heart, and work, and pray, and believe and act as earnestly to bring the children to God, as he does to lead the older ones to Him.

Push the War Cry and Young Soldier! Hundreds have been brought through reading these papers. Let me say that they are real, live, red-hot and interesting periodicals.

PERSONAL.

To the Prodigal

A Letter from the Field Commissioner.

As I think about you, I feel as though I knew you, as though I had spoken to you many times, and you had told me your tale of sorrow, as so many others have done—how you wandered from God and righteousness, how hard and rough your feet have found the way; what an ache and emptiness there is at your heart in all your better and more solemn moments; how, whenever you come in contact with good people, or hear a holy prayer, or catch the sound of a Heavenly song, and thousand memories are awakened, which are so painful in their contrast to your present experiences that your heart comes nigh to breaking, and I feel I cannot help but take the opportunity of writing to you through the medium of the special Boom Cry.

You are so Unhappy.

No one knows about it, you never say so, you always try not to show it, and perhaps few would think it; but that makes it none the easier to bear. You are unhappy all the same, for, in spite of the smile you endeavor to keep, the influence of your careless associations, the company of the saloon you visit, and the worldly amusements you have sought, your mind travels back to happy days you used to spend, and the joys of rich and lasting worth you used to know when a follower of Christ and an upholder of His down-trodden cause, and it cannot be otherwise than that bitter regret be yours.

There may be when you forget, but a backslider never forgets for long; any way, not a backslider Salvationist. At almost every step in life's rough journey there are voices calling out of the past; perhaps to-night it is the strains of a prayer-meeting song following you through the darkness on your way home; yesterday it was the coming across of an old red jersey in a seldom opened cupboard, or the finding of a little cartridge envelope cast aside with some old papers, or possibly meeting an old comrade who belongs to the people whom once you loved; all awake the tenderest feelings and stir up some of the strongest and best desires of which you are capable; the song, the jersey, the little cartridge envelope, and the old comrade point you back to what you used to be. Once you were found in the ranks of the holy, a credit to God's saving grace, and a blessing to those around you, when it was your glory to bear the battle and share in the brunt of the fight, when you could always be found at the op-er-stand, and your voice always heard in the singing, when your prayers were fervent, and your faith was strong; when your children blessed you, and sinners were warned by you, for there were not some to-day sinning the praise of God and the glory of His Kingdom through your instrumentality, while you yourself are in danger of becoming a castaway? I know you see them, and they say "God bless you," as you pass in the street. You can never forget them, or the joy of heart that night you brought them to Jesus; how they thanked Him for counting you worthy to be a fisher of men! Oh, what memories I then have to be forgotten, they are of everlasting life, they pertain to the things of eternity, they will live on forever, and they will condemn you at the bar of God. Angels will surely weep as they are recorded, telling how you started, and declaring what you might have been.

I fear they will make hell more bitter than tongue can express. No, you are not happy—you never can be until you have returned to the Father.

You Have Gone Back.

You have turned aside from a true, right and holy course of conduct, both towards God and towards man. You have turned your back upon your Master who blessed and saved and lifted you up into a condition of purity, peace and happiness, and you have gone back to unbelief, sin and misery. You are living in rebellion against Him, He who loved you and sought you, who shed His blood to redeem you. You refuse to walk in the light which never failed to shine upon your path while you walked in harmony with its teaching. You transgress against His laws, which were made for your profit and everlasting good. You daily act contrary to the dictates of your conscience, that God-given beacon light which would yet lead you home to peace and to Heaven if you would but follow it. Whatever your feelings may be regarding your backsliding, whether



"I Will Arise and Go to My Father."

they have caused you bitter remorse or not, here is the great fact staring you in the face, that you have come back from God and goodness, your feet are running the ways of sin, your heart is full of guilt, your life is an empty failure, your influence on others is for bad, you have betrayed your Lord, disgraced His cause, and broken your most sacred pledges. Oh, backslider, stay and think! These wrongs against your God, yourself and your neighbor must be amended—these sins must be pardoned!

I do not know what was the cause of your turning aside; I cannot possibly say. Perhaps it was for the want of watching that you fell under the power of some sudden temptation; perhaps for the want of trusting, when happy feelings left you and trial came, the meaning of which you could not understand; you feared to follow on in the dark. Perhaps it was because you could not suffer for Jesus; the devil whispered, "The cross is greater than you can bear." And you, Edward, Douglas, all of you, Quebec Corps, now active workers in Montreal. Four others are preparer for the work.

Then, again, we have

Our Food and Shelter Depot

Hundreds have already shared in the

first love and that burning passion which made you precious to God and the Angels, and went from hot to cold, and from cold to cold; or possibly you were false-hearted, or spoken evil of, and Hell seized the chance to persuade you that you had sufficient reason for sending in your resignation or asking for your name to be taken from the roll. Thus you left your Master, for your sake was numbered with the transgressors. I cannot say what has been the cause of your wandering, but I do know that you have fallen—fallen some of you from such heights of joy, peace and blessing, to such terrible depths of sin, shame and despair, and you are hastening on to stand with the multitudes which no man can number, of all nations, all kindreds, all people, all tongues, before the Throne and the Lamb.

Remember Eternity.

You will see the redeemed there, the lovers of God, the followers of Christ, the bearers of the Cross, the sufferers for Jesus, they who held on in the fires of our faith and our duty. They will wear white robes, they will wave the victors' palms, they will sing the song of triumph, they will clap their hands for joy. Fathers will meet sons, mothers kiss daughters, the weary find rest and the toilers will be crowned; for all will have come out of great tribulation and made their robes white in the Blood of the Lamb, and with one voice the ransomed throng will shout, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving, and honor and power and might be unto our God forever." But on the left, there will be the drunkards, blasphemers, wife-beaters, gamblers, harlots, thieves, wordlings and BACKSLIDERS,—one huge multitude of lost souls. They would not stop, they NEGLECTED to think, they REFUSED to pray.

Will you be found in the long, dark procession of those, the most sorrowful of all classes, whose weeping will be the bitterest, whose regret will be the keenest, whose burden will be the heaviest, who through the countless ages of eternity will have to remember what once they were, and to think of what they might have been. No, you will not go to heaven! You must come home; Jesus is calling you; bring Him your burden, tell Him your sorrow and confess all your sins. While the Flood is flowing near you, while mercy is spared you, and while Angels are around you, make your way back to Calvary's stream.

This week there are thousands praying for you. Go to the special meeting being held for backsliders at your Corps and give your heart to God. Don't argue that it is too late and say, while your heart breaks, that you have gone too far! Remember that the uttermost Salvation of God, while you are outside the gates of heaven, can reach and redeem you. Don't think that the past can never be forgiven! It will be both forgiven and forgotten on earth and in Heaven, and with your old comrades you can take your old place, pardoned by Jesus and cleansed by His Blood, and to live shall be victory, and to die eternal gain.

I am thinking of you; I am believing for you; I want you to reach you for the Kingdom and for the light. Come home, and come now.

EVANGELINE BOOTH.



SALVATION in QUEBEC.

WHAT THE ARMY DOES FOR THE POOR PEOPLE—THE FOOD AND SHELTER DEPOT BENEFITS MANY.

You asked, "What is the Salvation Army doing in Quebec?" First, we are fearlessly, definitely, and desperately following Jesus through evil report as well as good, striving to live a life praise to God continually. Secondly, we are doing our level best to faithfully represent our world-wide Army, our grand old General, and our fiery Com-

missioner in going straight for the souls of the lowest and the lost.

As an evidence of the success and solidity of the work, we might mention that already ten persons at least have been sent from Quebec to push the War in other places. Among the number are: Ensign McFarlane, of the West; Sergeant-Major Colley, the Colley girls, the Clark girls, Mrs. Clark, Edward Douglas, all of the Quebec Corps, now active workers in Montreal. Four others are preparer for the work.

Then, again, we have

Our Food and Shelter Depot

Hundreds have already shared in the

benefits of this institution. The poor men out of work, far from home and friends, find it pleasant to have good, clean quarters and a friendly word spoken to them. The man getting on his feet, here finds it comfortable and economical; the hard-working man, getting four dollars a week, and cannot afford expensive living, is glad to find himself away from the temptation to drink. The man of good influences calculated to inspire within him a spirit of manliness and self-support.

Again, we visit from door to door amongst all classes, spreading joy and gladness, sunshine and peace everywhere, distributing the War Cry, All The World, and other interesting but

pure literature. Yes, the Salvation Army is a blessing to Quebec. The time is coming very soon when hundreds of all classes will worship at the head of a loving Christ. We need more officers and soldiers who are willing to suffer, and, if necessary, die for Jesus sake.—T. A. Magee, Adjutant.

WANTED AT ONCE.

GOOD COOK wanted at once for the Salvation Light-house, "Joe Zieff's," Montreal. Small wages; good opportunity for Salvationist to work for God and souls. Apply to Ensign Ross.

ST. JOHN II.—The War is progressing in this part of the vineyard. The Lord is blessing us in the open-air work and some are coming to the fountain. Our debt is cleared off.—
 Jennie Andrews.



His request for a write-up of "A Typical American Corps" get my mind a-thinking. Which Corps should it be? Several suggested ones on almost every point, but there was none that represented the polyglot character of the country so finely as New York City IX, popularly known as the Bowery Corps.

Ever since its formation, over three years ago, it has gone ahead with the rapidity of a prairie fire, with some what of its heat, but none of its smoke. The Bowery is one of the most variegated spots in cosmopolitan New York. Years ago it was known as Peter Bazaar and his Dutch congeries as "The Bowery." In point of fact, it used to be the most aristocratic portion of the city, and even now there dwindle directly in the neighborhood a little colony of the bluish-blooded people of the city, those who reckon themselves several grades higher in social standing than even the Fifth Avenue people and the ones who go to make up the 400, or upper-crust, of the city. But the Bowery proper, in later years, sank woefully in the social scale, so low, in fact, that it could not go much farther down—becoming the haunt of the lowest type of debauches of both sexes, filled with sordid deadfalls run by human parasites. To-day it is much different, thanks to the leavening influences at work there, although even now it is among the most needy (spiritually) districts in the city.

Leaving the New York side of the world-famed Brooklyn Bridge, you find yourself on Park Place, leading directly into the Bowery. A sea breeze brings us to it. We become bewildered at the amazing number of saloons planted here, and everywhere. Unholy growths these, with a fruitage bitter and deadly. These fascinating hell-places are all aglow with the glitter and glare of richly-colored windows, shielding forth the rays of innumerable electric lights—beacon lights, if you like—not, however, to warn the voyagers of the presence of the shoal or quicksand, but temptingly to invite them on, until, alas! they are stranded along the coast-line of time, and oh! how often, wrecked in the sea of eternity.

Most heterogeneous crowd is always to be seen on the Bowery: day or night brings little cessation of the rushing to and fro of the multitude on their various errands. Those who are high-toned, or, like so many of earth's counterfeits, would wish people to think them so, can muster an evening at one of the palatial beer-gardens. These places are most sumptuously decorated, and, as a rule, owned by Teutons. Here you may find the wealthy merchant and the ex-convict, the young lady whose virtue is akin to the sea, and the young man of color but without scent, alongside the

HORDE OF UNREPENTANT MAGDALENES.

drinking, coarsely jesting, and all to the charms of sweet music waited on the air by orchestras of unquestionably competent female instrumentalists. Wherever you see a number of saloons, you find clustering around them a proportionately large number of those places designated by the three golden balls. What a tale of woe these places could unfold! There is also present that awful infection—the deadly opium cure.

Of course the fallen woman is in evidence. Down the street, in spite of the sweepings of numerous moral waves, are to be seen the "fallen angels," "fallen angels." Aeen long since Solomon spoke of their parading the streets in the twilight, in the evening, in the black night. Alas! how their oily words and forward manner entice

BY BRIGADIER WM. H. COX.
Editor-in-Chief B. A. Weeklies, United States.

eth the unwary, and she lendeth them even as an ox is led to the slaughter.

Here, amidst the impurity and debauchery of the Bowery is to be found the Salvation Army, where the Word that lifteth and yet smiteth alive is faithfully preached, and a living Christ uplifted. As a physician must needs treat the flesh to bring away the cancer, so our dear officers and soldiers, with devoted earnestness, seek to be heard nightly denouncing these delusive anæsthes, showing the people that all within them is unreal, persons temporarily lulled to peacefulness by pleasurable excitement, entreating them to abandon their wickedness and accept the salvation held out to them by their crucified Lord.

The opening of the Bowery Corps was a wise and important strategic move. It intruded upon an enemy in respect, has gone forward with leaps and bounds, and has supplied us with some good soldiers. At present there are about 150 soldiers.

Among the prominent converts are Captain Fritz Nies.

AN EX-GERMAN MILITARY OFFICER.

Now on our staff as editor of the Kriegsrund—a wonderful case—and Brother Justice, the saved dynamiter, who used to wave the red flag of anarchy. The city, however, reached and saved at this corps may readily be guessed at, and the particulars relating to the one given below can be duplicated over and over again. Brother Ludwig, in homely phraseology, says: "I am so glad I came in contact with the Salvation Army. I went to one of their meetings about two years ago for the first time, not to hear the Word of God, but to get good warming-up, as I felt very cold. It was there I brightened-up as I heard that Jesus was mighty near the meeting, and I was determined to lead a better life, taking pledges, only to break them again within a few hours' time, losing my position after that. I was there, my home was broken up—all on account of my habits of dissipation. I began to realize there was no hope for me, that I was doomed to die a drunkard's death. But it was that night I found a band of people (some of whom I knew) who showed me the way to the Saviour, and I found what I was looking for. The once depraved man has been completely rooted out by the help of God. Talk of going back into the world—a never-to-be-getting-out-of-it—I know a good thing when I have it. My only ambition for the remainder of my days is to bring some poor sinner like me to my Saviour, and be true to God and the Army."

Another interesting

TROPHY OF THE BOWERY

work is Brother Neuffer, with his wife and ten children, who are all saved, even to the smallest tot of six years, who says happily that she was "saved in the Army." Another saved group is that of the Bohemian sailors, musicians, live in number.

Great has been the work in the selection of men and women to officer the corps.

IT WAS GIVEN BY CAPTAIN YORKIE.

a bright, smart young officer of Canadian extraction, who, for fear of his sins being taken from him by the hand of death. One of our oldest and most experienced officers, followed, and opened a noble work, paying off an enormous debt of \$1,600, raising the collections from thirty dollars a week to eighty and one hundred dollars, taking 500 War Cry, 100 Conquerors and 240 Young Soldiers of each issue, starting a corps of 140 men and winning a large number of converts to Christ. Then came Captain Emily March, a native of Newfoundland, an officer of the corps, who has well sustained and added to the work of her predecessors.

A person visiting the metropolis to "see the elephant" or, in other words, "take in the sights"—would think his visit incomplete without trotting round the Bowery, and most certainly an out-of-town Salvationist would have a somewhat similar feeling were he to transact his business and leave town without visiting the Bowery corps. As well might he neglect to explore the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of our splendid new Headquarters.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Ensign Barr has paid us another very welcome visit. The Western Service deserves special mention, and everybody should know we have left our old Barracks, and now hold our meetings in a hall on the celebrated "Campbell's Corner." Our new Captain has arrived from Toronto to assist Adjutant McDonald. Farewell orders have come for Lieutenant Hagan, who has been made a blessing to many during his stay in Victoria. Another "Field Day" was spent at Oak Bay, on Dominion Day, when Captain Sheard was with us from Nanaimo.—Annie Rellly.

MORRISBURG.—Our old friend, the new Provincial Secretary, Major Sharps, assisted by our new District Officer, Adjutant Wiseman, paid us a visit on Sunday last. The day was profitable time was spent—Amy E. Norman, Captain; Cadet Algure.

CHESELEY.—Ice-cream social grand success. Friday, half-night of prayer; Sunday, good meetings; one soul captured for Jesus. Hallelujah!—Cadet Rennie.

A CYCLONE AT PARIS.

A Hallelujah Cyclone swept through the town of Paris on Wednesday evening. It started above the bridge on River Street about 8 p.m., and took a sudden turn to the right, and struck, where it shot things up wonderfully. It struck Adjutant Dowell, Charlie and Harry, who were sitting on the ground, where it shot things up wonderfully. After about fifteen minutes' kick-up it swept on to the Salvation Army Barracks, where the excitement had drawn a large crowd. There was quite a lot of damage done to the devil's kingdom. A number of shingles were weakened, a host of rafters tottered, and several sleepers moved from their places. By this time the wind had twisted to the north; it began to get colder, so cold that we had ice-cream in abundance; it froze in proper style, and we like hot-cakes on a January day.—Secretary W. McLaughlin, R. C.

How Seth Backhouse caught the Crowd With a Cat and Kittens.

SETH BACKHOUSE, once a drunkard, backslidden minister, now a Captain in England, was once opposed at a meeting by a rowdy crowd, particularly a young fellow, who sat on top of a fence. "You say that man on the fence, answer me this: What is that a cat has that nothing else has?" The rowdy, a copperhead, and replied: "Give it up, Governor." "Why, kittens, you block!" He caught the crowd with a sudden attack, and preached Salvation to his heart's content. You will read all about this noted man in All the World, He's copy.

MR. GLEDHILL, Treasurer of I unville Corps, and Police Constable for the District, once, to disarm suspicion, made an arrest in full Salvation Army uniform.

THE LIFE BOAT, TORONTO.

Everyday Incidents—Hungry for Thirty-Six Hours—What Drink did for one Man's Name.

OUR experiences are many and varied, nevertheless the Lifeboat crew are a jolly crowd, as we endeavor to rescue our sinking ship. "Don't you know me, Captain?" asked a tough-looking man at my side as I stood in the door of the Lifeboat one day last week. I looked at him, and a dim recollection of having met him in different circumstances came to my mind. "How came you to be in this condition?" Where is your wife? What are you doing now?" I questioned him, and he told me the story of his story of drink, followed by a broken home.

A QUARREL AND SEPARATION;

husband and wife were parted for over two years; she, living with friends; he, wandering from place to place, and a chip on the wave. The husband promised to mend his ways and seek for steady employment. He also promised to write to his wife. Although not saved, he has kept sober since then. I shall be only one of the many cases we meet.

A man asked for a chance to earn his supper in the wood-yard, but after a while sat down exhausted. He had not tasted a bit of food for thirty-six hours.

"Can you give me a night's lodging?" asked a large, fat, dejected-looking man, with an air of independent boldness. "Yes, if you will agree to work for it in the morning," I replied. After trying to make many excuses for not agreeing to that proposal, he decided to go elsewhere. Such people are not worthy of charity.

Captain Fletcher has his hands full managing the Lifeboat. The wood-yard furnishes work for many poor men, but we can do a larger business yet. We need money, food and clothes, and above all, orders for wood and coal.—W. Ritchie, Ensign.

AN S. A. BANKER.

A LATE Salvation Army Soldier of Paris is a banker in the capital of a country where "conversion" are forbidden by law. But he makes Salvation Army books and papers do his work—can't prosecute them. He is now starting a kind of Y. A. C. which will save souls, but yet be technically just within the bounds of the law.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN HARRIS' mother was the fifth Christian missioner (the Army is a nut-shell) who was converted in the open-air through hearing one of the young men testify in the streets.

ADJUTANT MANTON told us the other night in the Jubilee Barracks that Richmond Street Corps used to take 1,600 War Cry in the early days, and sometimes a dollar was paid for a single Cry.



A Donatory of the "Life Boat," Toronto.

